10/8/68

Dear J.B.,

Soon I expect to be in your charming city, where I wish I could visit and enjoy some time, but I expect to work only.

I am writing to ask if you can help me as you did so wonderfully last time. If you cannot do as well as you then did, can you rent me an inexpensive vehicle? I expect to be there about a week.

The lawyer in the Dell-Bringuier-Sega suit has asked me not to advertise my presence because that case has been deferred and he does not want me served because it can amount to several thousand dollars of extra cost. He had expected final federal-court action by now. Not knowing this, I had written to solicit a speaking engagement not only to finance the trip, for my financial problems are even more accute, but to force Bringuier to serve me. I so wish I could get a lawyer and get into court with the rascal! If my solicitations are successful, I shall, of course, honor them. If they are not I will be fair to the defendants in the current action, and I will not be conspicuous until after that action is over.

You have never told me how many copies of the books you would like. Please, do, let me know if you want any. I do want you to have them. Can you, perhaps, use them as Christmas gifts? In that event, please have a list ready for me, with cards to include, and I will even mail them for you. I am in your debt, may be even more so, and this is one way I can, in part, repay your kindness and thoughtfulness. You will not know for a while just how valuable your help was last time, but I assure you it enabled me to do important things that had not been done and otherwise would not have been.

If you can find your records on Philip Geraci III, I hope you will. I fear this young man is in jeopardy and will continue to be as long as parts of the story he can tell are secret. Without any possibility of doubt, I know some of the things he can say that others would give almost anything to have remain secret. I suspect others. It is difficult to accept his father's death as nothing but an accident, though it may be that. He, too, could have said what he now cannot. I know only part of it. His death, I fear, increases the danger to his son. The mother, alas, tries to make deals, from what I hear, with those who have no interest in her son and who would be happier were he permanently silent. She does not understand.

If things go as now planned, I'll be leaving here toward the end of the mouth, for the west coast. I expect to land in New Orleans about 6:15 p.m. 11/5, election night. If you can have a vehicle for me, I'd like to be able to take the air bus to town, then take a cab to your place and get it. If you would like me to bring you up to date, please set aside an evening for it. I have finished the book I had started when I was there. In fact, I have almost completed four more. One, in particular, should be of greater interest to decent Southerners. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg